i feel sick
#1 -$3.95 US $4.95 CAN
S.L.G.
A BOOK ABOUT A GIRL

this Is A BOOK

drawn, written and reviled by

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made colorful by

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I FEEL SICK • August 1999 • published by the grotesquely disfigured, yet warm hearted trolls at Slave Labor Graphics (Rub their asses and magic happens!) 325 S.First st. #301 San Jose, CA 95113-2830. I Feel Sick and all related characters are ™ & © 1999 Jhonen Vasquez Goddamit! No part of this "masterpiece" may be cloned without the written consent of them the Slave Labor DEATHMONKEY, and umm....Jhonen Vasquez's..uh.... Deathmonkey. This book, like so many others, is printed in Canada, and will lose all of it's unholy potency upon crossing the Canadian border. Any urges to go out and beat the shit out of strangers without remorse after the reading of this crap are purely coincidental. I'm about to take a 5 hour drive after 2 hours of sleep through a billion miles of sunrisy hell to turn this book in at the very last minute, all so YOU can enjoy thos awful thing I've done. I bet you wouldn't care if I died, huh? Admit it, you just want me for my brain. ME BRAINS!!! Well, here I go. This should be ....fun.

IT IS
DONE

INCOMING: nonsense

playing track 2

//* So I guess they're all pretty jumped up about having hired a female artist to do this thing (all probably under the impression that a girl doing artwork equals unicorns and fairies.) Still, despite how obvious it is that they seemingly care more about the PR value of going against type, I think this could be a very good thing for me. It sure as hell beats working at the bookstore anyhow (although I should be thankful that working at the bookstore is what got me this job in the first place. Who says drawing on the back of order forms won't get you anywhere?)

NERVE publishing. I knew the name from the bookstore, but only because we sold books of theirs, and not because I was all that impressed with what came out of the, mostly middle interest sci-fi shit, and the occasional bizarre horror novel (the VILLAGE of the DAMNED style one in which the children derive their powers from gnawing on the aluminum siding that covered their portable schoolhouse being one of the more memorable).

The writer they publish was in the shop one day buying a handful of his own recently released work of obscurity, showing an uncomfortable amount of casual desperation by mentioning loudly enough that "That's my book." He noticed the little robot I was drawing on the back of one of those innumerable little yellow order forms, and seemed interested enough to ask me to show him more. Then he told me he wanted me to do paintings for color inserts in the new series of short stories he was working on. That was that.

//* Teresa called today. She "misses" me, she says. Lately the concept of missing anyone is an alien thing since I've been so busy. This NERVE thing looks like it might take a little longer than I thought it would, since Obscure Writer Man seems to have decided on a new look for the images, although I really I get the feeling it's more a NERVE evil puppetmaster decision than the nervous little writer's.

One good thing about the job, so far, is that it appears NERVE, despite their crappy product, seems to make a decent amount of money from this shit. That means I won't be living the Ramen life while doing this job.

//* I feel kind of sick. I can't tell if it's a physical thing stemming from a mental thing, or vice versa. My arm hurts, and I'm getting headaches. I NEVER get headaches. All this means is that the work is going slowly. The actual output is actually kind of nice, though, since I'm getting to do most of the conceptualizing myself. It's bizarre to realize that, at least for now, doing what I always used to get in trouble for is what pays my bills now.

MORE
//* Tenna called again, asking me if I wanted to go dancing. I laughed cruelly at her. After about ten minutes of this laughter I told her, for the hundredth time that I have no time for going out, let alone for doing a mad jig to sound. She's been sliding music discs under my door in her own secret hours. That's one of the few things that gets a smile out of me these days. I'll have to remember, once this work is all done and I have enough time to play human being again, to buy Tenna a monkey.
//* I never knew so many people found my conversation so enjoyable. People keep calling me or dropping in on me as if they actually felt I was someone with a modicum of skill in making human organism feel pleasant in my company. This wouldn't be so bad if I weren't so busy, and especially if I didn't find these mostly all of these people so repellant. It's like having your bodily waste crawl back up the sewage pipes to tell you how much it still wants to be in your bowels.
//* Now I really do feel sick. I can't seem to get any work done, and I want this fucking NERVE thing over with. It's all about having everything changed after submitting them. I'm not even halfway done yet, and it's been forever since I took on this job. I really hate working with other people in creative situations.
//* I've been talking to myself a bit too much lately. I find my conversational ability has become atrophied. I complain too much about things I've gotten myself into. I wish I would just shut up.
//* I keep getting electric shocks. Really bad ones. Every time I grab a doorknob, or touch my car, it feels like I'm touching a tazer. I don't know what that has to do with anything.
//* How long has it been since I touched one of my OWN paintings? The last time I did anything without someone telling me if it's wrong or right? I hate the sound of that fucking phone.
//* Things have gotten weird. That's about all I can say about that at the moment.
stop

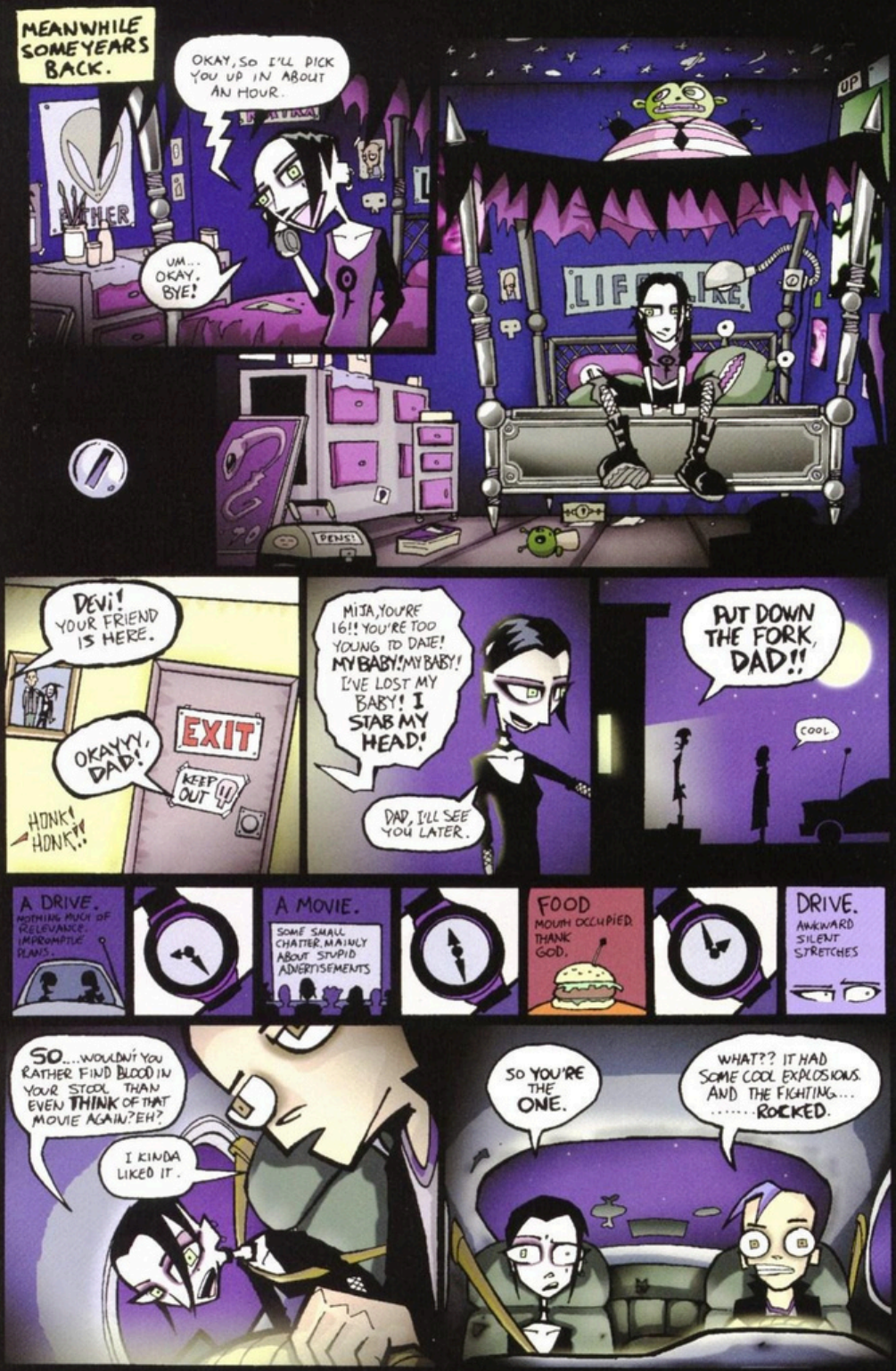
DAMMIT!
EAT SHIT
it's NEW!
DAMMIT!
DAMMIT!
SHIT!
SHIT!
FFFF

LEAVE ME THE HELL ALONE
MY

THE BEAST WHAT LICKED ME
FUCK YOU.
NO I'M NOT
I AN NOT TALKING TO MYSELF.
BEEBE BEEP!!
SWEET ANGRY JEEZUS.
IT'S...
THE PHONE.
WET JIMMY'S GOURMET ASSMEATS.
DO THIS BE PICKUP OR DELIVERY?
UM... WHAT THE HELL?
DEVI?

OH, TENNA. HI WHAT'S UP?
YOU ARE! AND YOU'RE BEING LOUD. WHAT'S WRONG?
OH, GOD. THERE'S A QUESTION.
I JUST... JUST...
NICE WEATHER OUT, HUH?
HMM... DEVI IS DISPLEASED. I'LL BE RIGHT UP!
OH, NO REALLY, I DON'T...
CLIK!
THUD
STEP STEP STEP
STEP STEP
KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK
PRIVACY PROTECTION SYSTEM
ARMED
Organism behind door is friend. Do not bludgeon with toaster.
I HUNGER FOR ASSMEATS, BITCH!!
SMOOSH!! SMOOSH!!

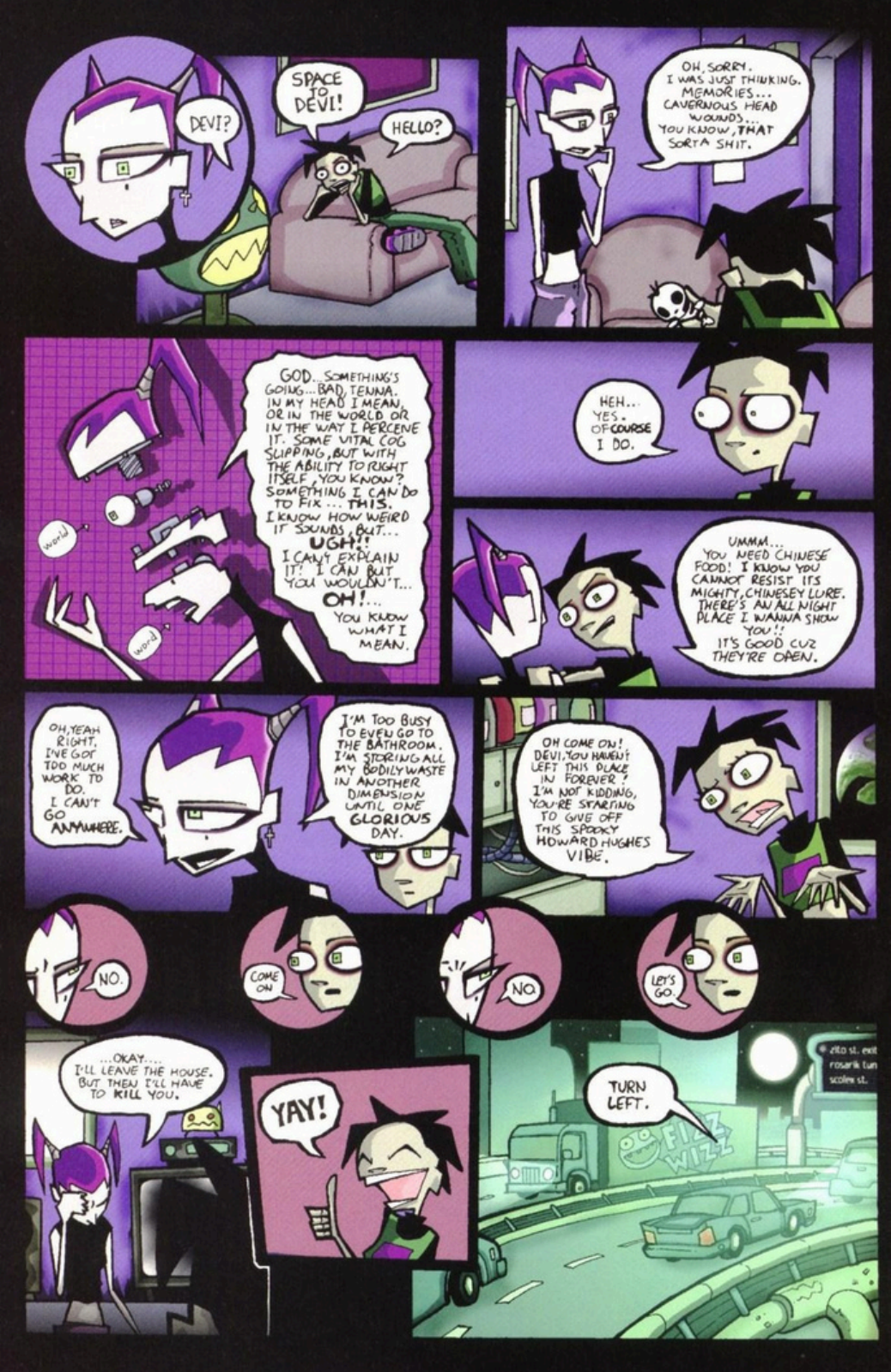
I'M SURPRISED THE PSYCHIC LADY DOWNSTAIRS HASN'T YELLED AT US YET.
SHUT UP! SHUT UP!! DIE IN THAT PLANE CRASH ALREADY!!
SORRY!! WE'LL BE MORE QUIET NOW!!
IT WILL FRIGHTEN YOU OUR QUIETNESS!!
SO! YOU WANNA TELL ME WHY YOU'RE SCREAMING AT THREE IN THE MORNING?
NO. I DON'T KNOW. I DON'T THINK I CAN JUST YET.
AWWW... COME ON. TALK TO SPOOKY!!
SQUEEK! SQUEEK!
I REEEALLY DON'T THINK SO, TENNA.
I... I HATE SPOOKY.
SHE DIDN'T MEAN IT SPOOKY.


MEANWHILE SOME YEARS BACK.
OKAY, SO I'LL PICK YOU UP IN ABOUT AN HOUR.
UM... OKAY, BYE!
FATHER
UP
LIFELIKE
PENS!
DEVI! YOUR FRIEND IS HERE.
OKAYYY, DAD!
EXIT
KEEP OUT
HONK! HONK!!
MIJA, YOU'RE 16!! YOU'RE TOO YOUNG TO DATE! MY BABY! MY BABY! I'VE LOST MY BABY! I STAB MY HEAD!
DAD, I'LL SEE YOU LATER.
PUT DOWN THE FORK, DAD!!
COOL
A DRIVE. NOTHING MUCH OF RELEVANCE. IMPROMPTU PLANS.
A MOVIE.
SOME SMALL CHATTER, MAINLY ABOUT STUPID ADVERTISEMENTS
FOOD
MOUTH OCCUPIED. THANK GOD.
DRIVE.
AWKWARD SILENT STRETCHES
SO....WOULDN'T YOU RATHER FIND BLOOD IN YOUR STOOL THAN EVEN THINK OF THAT MOVIE AGAIN? EH?
I KINDA LIKED IT.
SO YOU'RE THE ONE.
WHAT?? IT HAD SOME COOL EXPLOSIONS. AND THE FIGHTING..... ROCKED.

HE'S BEEN GETTING PROGRESSIVELY DUMBER AS THE NIGHT GOES ON.
SOMETHING... HORRIBLE MUST BE HAPPENING TO HIS MIND. SOME...
SPLOSIONS...
OH GOD I THINK HE'S...
HORNY!
HEY, YOU KNOW WHAT, EDDIE? I SHOULD GET BACK NOW. I'M KINDA TIRED AND, YOU KNOW.
BUT... UH... HEH... WE'RE ALREADY OUT HERE AND, YOU KNOW, NO ONE EVER COMES OUT HERE, SO IT'S OKAY. WHY NOT JUST HAVE SOME FUN? NO SENSE BEING IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE IF YOU DON'T YOU KNOW? YOU KNOW?
EDDIE, THIS NIGHT WAS... NOTHING. IT WAS BORING. HOW CAN YOU WANT TO DO ANYTHING MORE? JUST TAKE ME HOME, KAY?
BUT... BUT... MWOOWAAAAHH... BOOBYWEENIE.
OKAY, YOU'RE REALLY STARTING TO CREEP ME OUT NOW.
MNUH??
STOP, EDDIE! STOP!!
BUT I REALLY LIKE YOU!
I SAID STOP, YOU PIECE OF—
MONGOOSE!!
SKREEEE
SMASH!!

NNNNNUHHH.... NUH... WHUH?
I.... CAN'T BREATHE... I... OH SHIT, THIS SEATBELT WON'T UNLOCK... BUT I'M OKAY! I CAN'T BELIEVE I'M—
OH GOD!
EDDIE?
SLUMP!
TALK, EDDIE! LET ME KNOW YOU'RE NOT DEAD! C'MON EDDIE! C'MON!!
HMPH-... GUGH...
OH THANK GOD!! COME ON! KEEP TALKING EDDIE!! STAY WITH ME! STAY WITH ME!
CAN I TOUCH YOUR BUTT?
THIS IS SERIOUS! I'M STUCK AND CAN'T GO FOR HELP! AND I HAVEN'T SEEN ANY CARS ON THIS ROAD ALL NIGHT!!
OOWUGGGGG.... POHLEEEEEZ... IT WOULD... gurgle... BE YOUR FINAL GIFT TO ME... gurgle.
OH, YEAH! THAT'S A SMOOTH ONE! YEP! IN FACT, I NOW FEEL LIKE JUST STRIPPING NAKED AND SUCCUMBING TO YOUR MAD SEX SKILLS! OH, AND LEAVE THE GLASS SHARDS IN YOUR HEAD! I LIKE IT LIKE THAT!
TOO BAD I DIDN'T BRING A STRAP-ON CUZ THEN MAYBE I COULD SCREW YOUR EMPTY FUCKING EYE SOCKET!!
AWWW YEEEAH...
OH MAN... SOMEONE HAS TO SHOW UP AT LEAST BEFORE DAYTIME.
SHOOT ME!
TWEET
TWEET

LOOK, IF WE'RE GONNA DO THIS, WE GOTTA DO IT NOW... I'M LOSING ALOT OF BLOOD..... DONT KNOW HOW MUCH LONGER I CAN LAST...
I DONT SEE HOW YOU CAN POSSIBLY BE LOSING THAT MUCH BLOOD WHEN IT'S ALL IN YOUR PANTS.
OH, THERE'S THAT CUTE LITTLE MONGOOSE AGAIN,
AND HE'S EATING YOUR BRAIN!!
FUCK!
WAITAMINNIT.... IF YOUR BRAIN FLEW OUT THERE... THEN WHAT ARE YOU THINKING WITH?!
NYEHH... HEHHH...
GASP!!
I CANT SEE... ...OH GOD... EVERYTHING...
IT'S ALL DARK...
the bunnies...
BLAM!!
SUREFIRE AIRBAG CO.
MMPH... ARE YOOF SITTING OM MY FACE?
YES. YES I AM SITTING ON YOUR FACE
IDIOT.
HHHH... HHH... HUFF.. HUFF
GETTING HARD TO BREATHE IN THERE, HUH?
MUH, HUH..
UH, HUH...


DEVI?
SPACE TO DEVI!
HELLO?
OH, SORRY. I WAS JUST THINKING. MEMORIES... CAVERNOUS HEAD WOUNDS... YOU KNOW, THAT SORTA SHIT.
GOD... SOMETHING'S GOING... BAD, TENNA. IN MY HEAD I MEAN, OR IN THE WORLD OR IN THE WAY I PERCENE IT. SOME VITAL COG SLIPPING, BUT WITH THE ABILITY TO RIGHT ITSELF, YOU KNOW? SOMETHING I CAN DO TO FIX... THIS. I KNOW HOW WEIRD IT SOUNDS, BUT... UGH!! I CAN'T EXPLAIN IT! I CAN BUT YOU WOULDN'T... OH!... YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN.
HEH... YES. OF COURSE I DO.
UMMM... YOU NEED CHINESE FOOD! I KNOW YOU CANNOT RESIST ITS MIGHTY, CHINESEY LURE. THERE'S AN ALL NIGHT PLACE I WANNA SHOW YOU!! IT'S GOOD CUZ THEY'RE OPEN.
OH, YEAH RIGHT. I'VE GOT TOO MUCH WORK TO DO. I CAN'T GO ANYWHERE.
I'M TOO BUSY TO EVEN GO TO THE BATHROOM. I'M STORING ALL MY BODILY WASTE IN ANOTHER DIMENSION UNTIL ONE GLORIOUS DAY.
OH COME ON! DEVI, YOU HAVEN'T LEFT THIS PLACE IN FOREVER! I'M NOT KIDDING, YOU'RE STARTING TO GIVE OFF THIS SPOOKY HOWARD HUGHES VIBE.
NO.
COME ON
NO
LET'S GO
...OKAY.... I'LL LEAVE THE HOUSE. BUT THEN I'LL HAVE TO KILL YOU.
YAY!
TURN LEFT.
FIZZ WIZZ
zito st. exit
rosarik tun
scolex st.

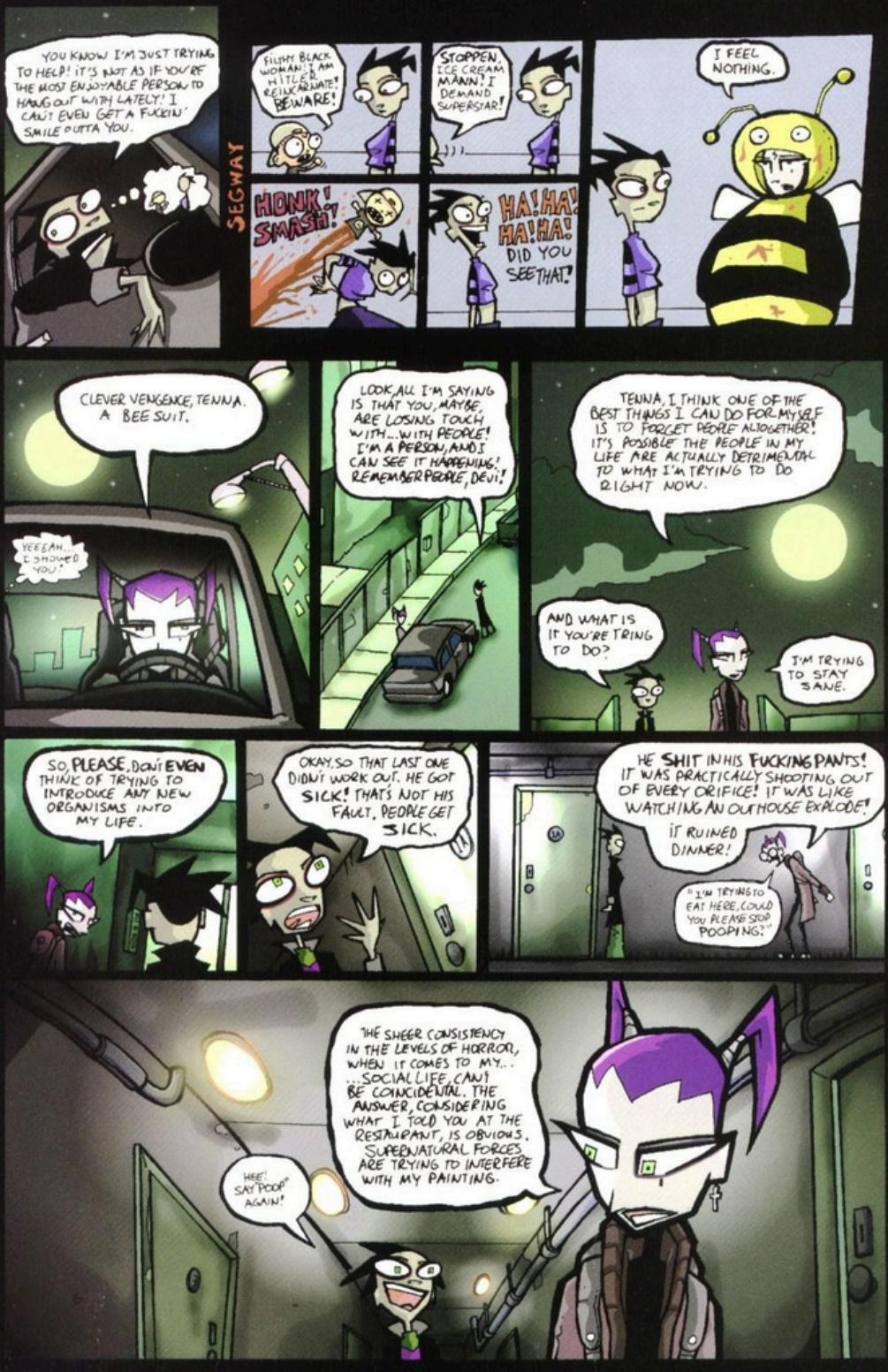
OH, GOD...
THE WORLD.
KRAZY HUMMEL'S
FOOD to SWALLOW
2010
NO
SHUT UP, HERMIT. YOU'LL LIKE THIS RESTAURANT! IT'S SO YOUR KIND OF PLACE.
AND WHY IS THAT?
CUZ NOBODY WORKS THERE.
YEAH, IT'S ALL AUTOMATED. I KNOW YOU LOVE THAT SHIT.
HERE WE ARE.
Zit
EAT OR DIE
CHINESE CUISINE
YES
NOW SHIT! PLAYING
I LIKE THE NAME.
IT USED TO BE "EAT OR DON'T" BUT THEY WEREN'T MAKING MONEY.
THE OPTIONS MAKE THE DECISION EASIER NOW I THINK.

WELCOME! PLEASE SIT DOWN.
EXIT
OR DIE!
MMM. DEATH.
THAT'S KIND OF A THEME HERE, HUH?
YEAH.
SO!... GOD, I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU WITH MY EYES IN WEEKS!
I KNOW
BUT I'VE BEEN WORKING LIKE CRAZY AND... IT'S JUST REALLY IMPORTANT RIGHT NOW.
DIE
OH, THAT'S RIGHT! YOU QUIT WORKING AT THE BOOKSTORE!
SO, HOW'S THE POST-RETAIL EXISTENCE?
WELL...
EXCUSE ME.
DRAGON'S B OKS
YES? MAY I HELP YOU.
I'M LOOKING FOR A BOOK.
SOLD OFF
OKAYYY...
I THINK IT WAS BLUE.
IT'S BETTER.

SOOOOO... HOW'S YOUR SPLEEN?
IT'S DOIN' GOOD.
SQUEEK!
NOW THAT I'VE GUIDED YOU INTO A MORE CASUAL STATE OF MIND WITH MY NINJA-LIKE PRECISION, YOU WANNA TELL ME WHAT'S WRONG?
I REALLY DOUBT TELLING ANYONE WILL DO MUCH GOOD, BUT... OKAY, I'LL TELL YOU.
GOOD! TALK TO VIRTUAL SPOOKY.
I'M LOSING MY MIND.
KEEP SMILING. MAKE IT NATURAL.
IT'S NOT BECAUSE I'M WORKING SO MUCH EITHER. SHIT... I DON'T THINK I'M WORKING ENOUGH.
NOT ON MY OWN STUFF ANYHOW.
YOU KNOW I'VE BEEN BURIED IN CRAP SINCE I STARTED DOING ALL THE FREELANCE WORK FOR NERVE. DOING ARTWORK FOR SCI-FI NOVELS IS COOL AND BETTER THAN SELLING BOOKS, BUT I HAVEN'T DONE ANY OF MY OWN STUFF SINCE.
RIGHT BEFORE THE NERVE THING STARTED, I STARTED A PAINTING JUST FOR ME.
IT'S OF A LITTLE DOLL. SHE'S GOT THIS EMPTY, BURNED OUT, SOULLESS LOOK. YOU KNOW... LIKE AN ICE-CREAM MAN.
I NAMED HER SICKNESS.
BUT THE NERVE WORK STARTED UP AND I NEVER FINISHED HER.
A LITTLE WHILE AFTER THAT...
IT STARTED TALKING TO ME.

DOING GOOD, TENNA. KEEP IT UP.
OKAY, NO. I MEAN IT'S MY OWN VOICE. IT'S ME TALKING TO MYSELF, AND I KNOW THAT. IT SOUNDS LIKE A REALLY TIRED, WHISPERING ... ME.
IT'S PRETTY MUCH LIKE WHEN YOU HAVE YOUR OWN INTERNAL CONVERSATIONS. THAT'S NOTHING UNUSUAL.
I DIDN'T THINK SO.
BUT I COULDN'T GET ME TO SHUT UP.
LIKE SOME INVOLUNTARY MANTRA GOING OFF IN MY HEAD.
THE SCREWS ARE COMING UNDONE, MOTHER.
WHAT I NOW LOVINGLY REFER TO AS A "MANTRA OF DOOM!"
YOU CAN'T STOP IT.
BUT I CAN.
IF I WORK.
ORDER
HOW VERY SARAH WINCHESTER OF YOU.
DEVI, YOU SAY IT'S NOT, BUT I THINK THIS IS BECAUSE YOU'RE WORKING SO HARD.
OR YOU'RE TAKING CRACK.
IS IT CRACK?
UH... WE'RE GONNA HAVE THIS TO GO
BEEP
YOU KNOW WHAT YOU NEED?
DON'T SAY IT.
HOO!

YOU NEED TO GET OUT MORE.
AAAKK!!
JEEZUS, TEN. DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA HOW FRUSTRATINGLY DIFFICULT IT IS TO NOT KNOW WHAT YOUR ADVICE WILL BE!?
center
TDC
THAT'S THE MOST-SO-UNTRUE-IEST THING I'VE EVER HEARD. I AM UNPREDICTABLE AS THE NERVOUS PARK SQUIRREL!! I JUST THINK YOU COULD DO WITH SOME ACTUAL LIVING OUTSIDE OF YOUR DAMN HIVE!!
MY GOD, WOMAN! I'M NOT KIDDING, THAT REALLY IS YOUR ONLY BIT OF ADVICE FOR EVERYTHING!
I DON'T THINK IT EVEN MATTERS WHAT THE PROBLEM IS! I THINK THAT'S YOUR ANSWER TO ALL THINGS... PROBLEMY!
MY ASS HAS BECOME A GIANT CRAB! AND IT'S PINCHING MY ASS!
YOU NEED TO GET OUT MORE!
I'M AGORAPHOBIC.
WHY ARE YOU IN MY HOUSE?
YOU NEED TO GET OUT MORE.
THE FUCKIN' COMPANY USED ME!!
YEE HAW!
YOU NEED TO GET OUT MORE!
YEEARGH!!! MY TARTAR BUILDUP HAS GONE TO MY BRAIN! MY BRAIN!!
BLOO DEED DO DET OUB BORE!
CHIKA CHIKA
THAT'S BULLSHIT!!
AND WHY THE FUCK AM I WEARING A BEAR SUIT?!!

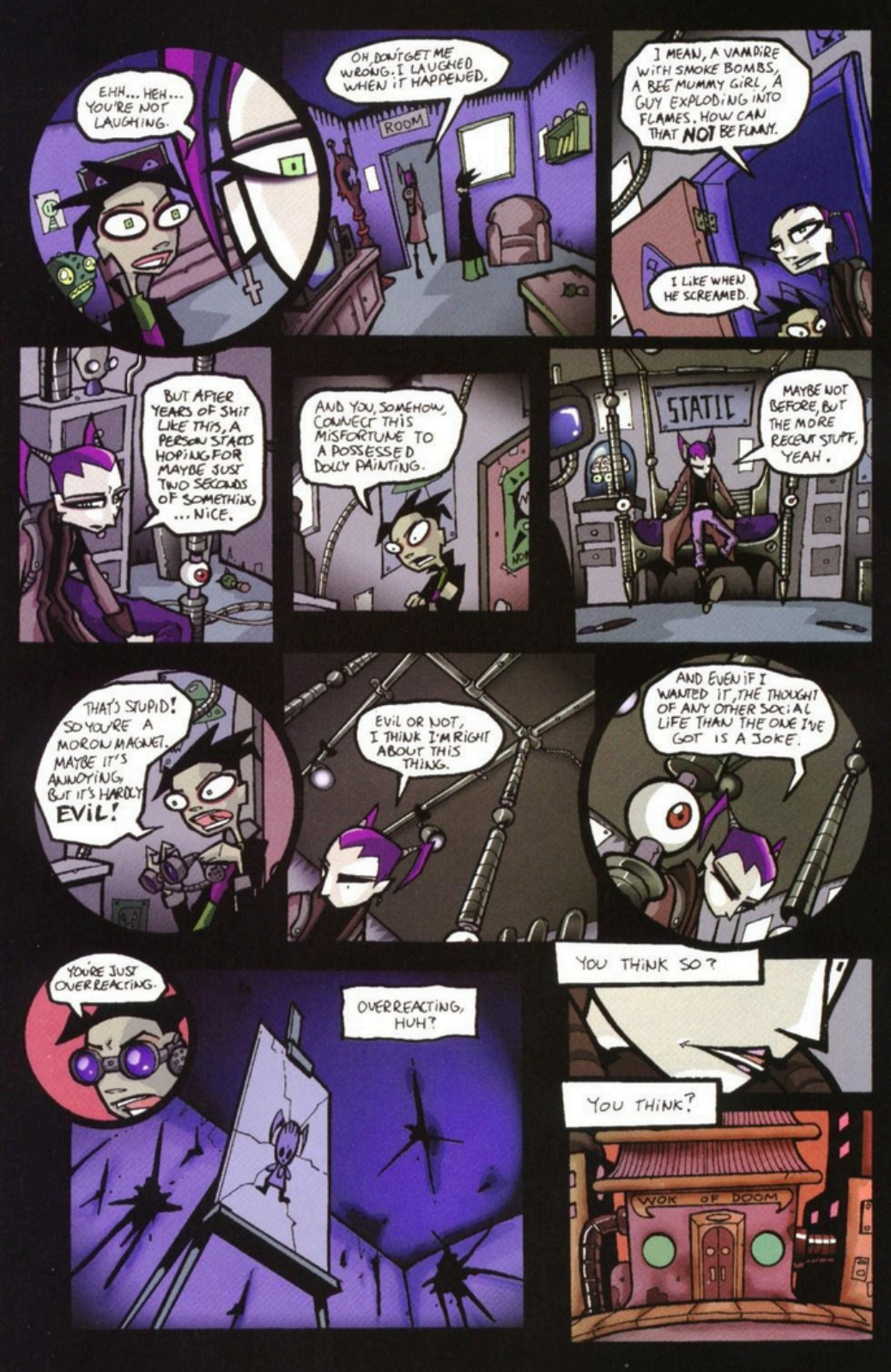

YOU KNOW I'M JUST TRYING TO HELP! IT'S NOT AS IF YOU'RE THE MOST ENJOYABLE PERSON TO HANG OUT WITH LATELY! I CAN'T EVEN GET A FUCKIN' SMILE OUTTA YOU.
SEGWAY
FILTHY BLACK WOMAN! I AM HITLER REINCARNATE! BEWARE!
STOPPEN, ICE CREAM MANN! I DEMAND SUPERSTAR!
I FEEL NOTHING.
HONK! SMASH!
HA! HA! HA! HA! DID YOU SEE THAT?
CLEVER VENGENCE, TENNA. A BEE SUIT.
YEEEAH. I SMOKED YOU!
LOOK, ALL I'M SAYING IS THAT YOU, MAYBE, ARE LOSING TOUCH WITH... WITH PEOPLE! I'M A PERSON, AND I CAN SEE IT HAPPENING! REMEMBER PEOPLE, DEVI!
TENNA, I THINK ONE OF THE BEST THINGS I CAN DO FOR MYSELF IS TO FORGET PEOPLE ALTOGETHER! IT'S POSSIBLE THE PEOPLE IN MY LIFE ARE ACTUALLY DETRIMENTAL TO WHAT I'M TRYING TO DO RIGHT NOW.
AND WHAT IS IT YOU'RE TRING TO DO?
I'M TRYING TO STAY SANE.
SO, PLEASE, DON'T EVEN THINK OF TRYING TO INTRODUCE ANY NEW ORGANISMS INTO MY LIFE.
OKAY, SO THAT LAST ONE DIDN'T WORK OUT. HE GOT SICK! THAT'S NOT HIS FAULT. PEOPLE GET SICK.
HE SHIT IN HIS FUCKING PANTS! IT WAS PRACTICALLY SHOOTING OUT OF EVERY ORIFICE! IT WAS LIKE WATCHING AN OUTHOUSE EXPLODE! IT RUINED DINNER!
"I'M TRYING TO EAT HERE, COULD YOU PLEASE STOP POOPING?"
THE SHEER CONSISTENCY IN THE LEVELS OF HORROR, WHEN IT COMES TO MY... ...SOCIAL LIFE, CAN'T BE COINCIDENTAL. THE ANSWER, CONSIDERING WHAT I TOLD YOU AT THE RESTAURANT, IS OBVIOUS. SUPERNATURAL FORCES ARE TRYING TO INTERFERE WITH MY PAINTING.
HEE! SAY "POOP" AGAIN!

EITHER WAY, I'M MORE THAN MOTIVATED TO STAY IN FOREVER.
LIQUID BURRITO
CARBONATED
TIME AGO
OH, I LIKE THIS SONG. I WISH THEY COULD WRITE LYRICS THAT DON'T SUCK THOUGH.
BURY ME IN YOUR.... DEATHLOINS!
GREETINGS.
LOOK..
I'M A VAMPIRE.
REALLY? HOW'D YOU DO THAT SMOKE?
WHAT I AM IS ANSWER ENOUGH.
ARE THOSE SMOKE BOMBS?
UM..
YES.

I'VE NEVER SEEN YOU HERE BEFORE.
I'VE NEVER BEEN HERE BEFORE. I'M DEVI. I'M HERE WITH MY FRIEND, SUNSHINE. WELL, NOT MY FRIEND, REALLY. I JUST BARELY MET HER AT SCHOOL.
AH, YES... SUNSHINE. WE'VE SHARED MANY A SNOTTY GLANCE AT ONE ANOTHER. SHE IS AS LOVELY AS THE GRAVE IS.... LOVELY.
ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE MYSELF. I AM ERIC.
OOH, FANCY MOVES, ERIC. LET'S SEE YOU TRY THIS ONE!
PAT PAT PAT
RUB RUB RUB
YOU'RE NOT GONNA LAUGH ARE YOU?
WHAT MEAN YOU BY "LAUGH"?
HEY, ERIC!
DEVI, THIS UNHOLY BEAUTY IS MY FRIEND, OBLIVIA. OBLIVIA, YOUR HAIR LOOKS REALLY COOL TONIGHT.
I'M SO FUCKIN' HIGH.
Hi
SO, OBLIVIA. ARE YOU A VAMPIRE, TOO?
NO. TOO TRENDY.
BF
I'M A MUMMY!
.....

EHH... OKAY. DO YOU DO SPECIAL EFFECT ENTRANCES LIKE YOUR FRIEND ERIC HERE?
OH, NO. NONE OF THAT SMOKE BOMB STUFF FOR ME. THAT'S VAMPIRE FARE. I'M A MUMMY.
I USE BEES.
MMM.... THE HONEY OF THE NIGHT.
WHAT THE FUCK DO BEES HAVE TO DO WITH...
UM... HEY, BEES, YEAH COOL.
crystal meth... wearing off... Personality... fading.
WELL, SEE YA'! BYE, ERIC! NICE MEETING YOU, DEBBIE.
I THINK THE LUMPS OF ASSMEAT POKING OUT FROM BETWEEN THE WRAPPINGS ARE ACTUALLY FALLING OFF.
YES, BUT THEY ARE DARK LUMPS.
DIRT
SO, I TAKE IT YOU NEED HUMAN BLOOD TO SUSTAIN YOUR SPOOOOKY LIFE.
OF COURSE.
OKAY THEN, HERE. BITE ME. RIGHT HERE. I WANNA SEE YOU DRINK MY BLOOD.
UM...
FAITH AND THE MOOSE
WELL... I'M NOT HUNGRY RIGHT NOW. I JUST HAD SOME CORNNUTS, LIKE AN HOUR AGO.
OH OKAY. THEN I'LL BITE YOU INSTEAD, THAT I MAY DRINK OF YOUR UNHOLY LIFE JUICE.
AAIII!! NO! NOT MY LIFEJUICE!
SEEEEZ. I WAS ONLY KIDDING. I DIDN'T WANT TO SEE ANYTHING LIKE THAT AT ALL.

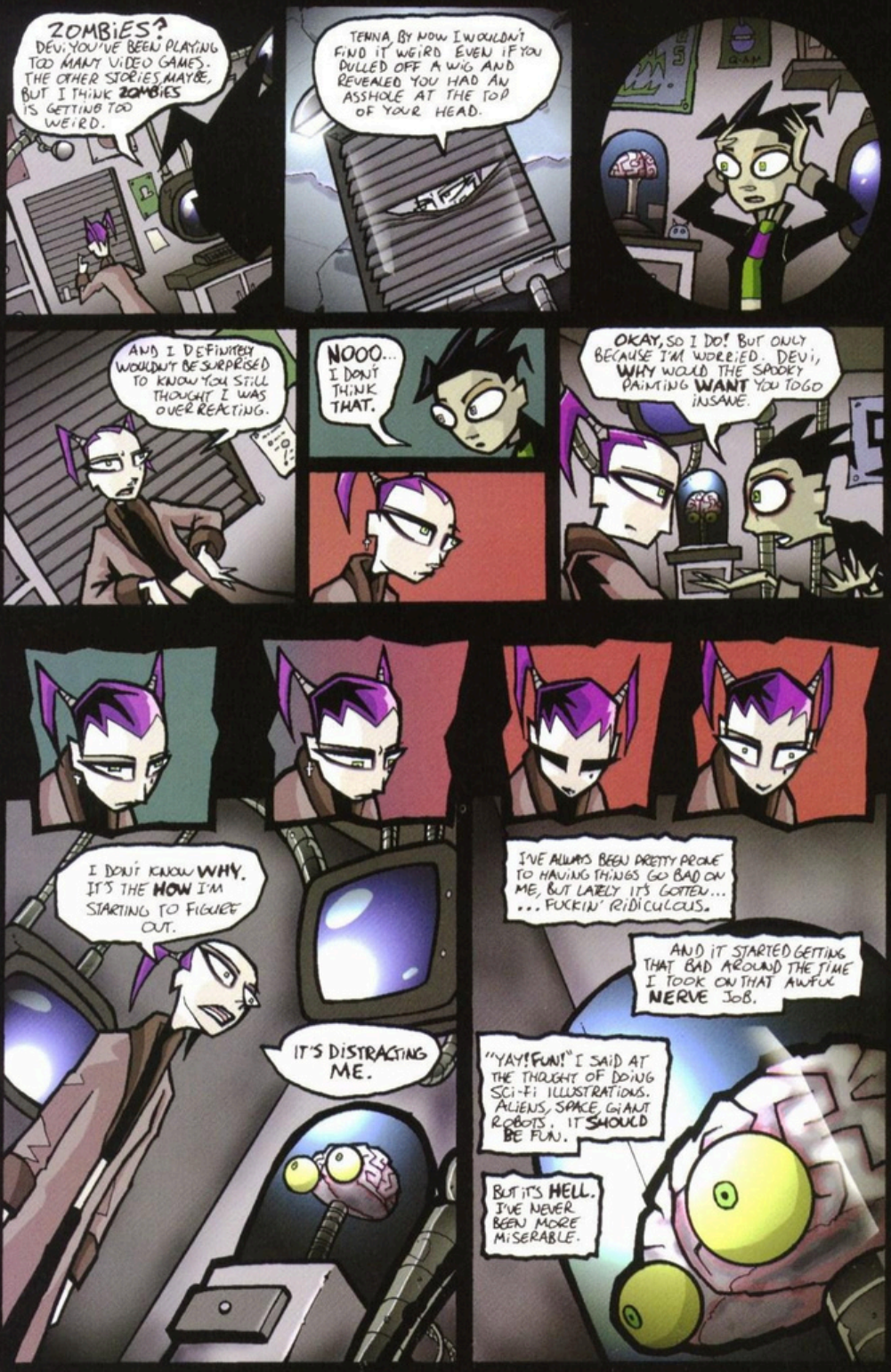
WELL IF YOU'RE GONNA COME HERE, MAYBE YOU SHOULD TAKE THINGS A LITTLE MORE SERIOUSLY.
MAYBE YOU CAME HERE JUST FOR FUN, BUT SOME OF US LIVE HERE, NOT AS VISITORS, BUT AS PRISONERS TO OUR PASSIONS. OUR PASSION FOR THE DARK.
YOU CAN LAUGH AT US, BUT LONG AFTER YOU'RE GONE, WE'LL STILL BE HERE DANCING IN THE NIGHT.
TM
SNNCHH... Giggle...
I'M SORRY. IT'S JUST THAT WHILE YOU WERE YELLING, ONE OF YOUR FANGS FELL OUT AND STUCK TO YOUR CHIN!
Peek Peek
I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF YOU!! GOODBYE MORTAL!
FOOM!
B
BAR
SOMEBODY HELP ME!!
DAR
THE LIGHT! THE LIIIGHT!
YEEHEEE! HEE! HEE!


EHH... HEH... YOU'RE NOT LAUGHING.
OH, DON'T GET ME WRONG. I LAUGHED WHEN IT HAPPENED.
ROOM
I MEAN, A VAMPIRE WITH SMOKE BOMBS, A BEE MUMMY GIRL, A GUY EXPLODING INTO FLAMES. HOW CAN THAT NOT BE FUNNY.
I LIKE WHEN HE SCREAMED.
BUT AFTER YEARS OF SHIT LIKE THIS, A PERSON STARTS HOPING FOR MAYBE JUST TWO SECONDS OF SOMETHING ...NICE.
AND YOU, SOMEHOW, CONNECT THIS MISFORTUNE TO A POSSESSED DOLLY PAINTING.
STATIC
MAYBE NOT BEFORE, BUT THE MORE RECENT STUFF, YEAH.
THAT'S STUPID! SO YOU'RE A MORON MAGNET. MAYBE IT'S ANNOYING, BUT IT'S HARDLY EVIL!
EVIL OR NOT, I THINK I'M RIGHT ABOUT THIS THING.
AND EVEN IF I WANTED IT, THE THOUGHT OF ANY OTHER SOCIAL LIFE THAN THE ONE I'VE GOT IS A JOKE.
YOU'RE JUST OVERREACTING.
OVERREACTING, HUH?
YOU THINK SO?
YOU THINK?
WOK OF DOOM

...AND IN THE END, THE MONKEYS BEAT HIM TO DEATH WITH HIS OWN LIFELESS CHILDREN! IT WAS FANTASTIC! HA!
EH..HEH,HEH... MONKEYS.
UM... ARE YOU OKAY? YOU'VE BEEN LOOKING AT ME FUNNY ALL NIGHT. DID I DO SOMETHING WRONG?
HMM?... OH, NO, NO... NOT YET.
AH, I MEAN, NO! I'M SORRY, MY MIND'S ALL OVER THE PLACE LATELY. I JUST TOOK ON A BIG SHITLOAD OF PAINTING WORK A FEW DAYS AGO, AND I'M JUST WONDERING IF IT WAS SUCH A GOOD IDEA.
I UNDERSTAND.
RRRRGH... HOW CAN THIS BE POSSIBLE? THREE HOURS NOW AND HE'S BEEN NOTHING BUT A PRETTY DECENT GUY. SEEMS NICE ENOUGH, AND ISN'T LOOKING AT ME IN... "THAT" WAY, WHICH IS GREAT, AS THE THOUGHT OF THAT SORTA THING MAKES ME SICK THESE DAYS. THERE HAS TO BE SOMETHING. WHAT IS IT?
HEYYY... HOLD ON. YOU'RE NOT ONE OF THE WALKING DEAD ARE YOU?
NOOOOO! OF COURSE NOT! DON'T BE STUPID.
YEE HEEHEE..

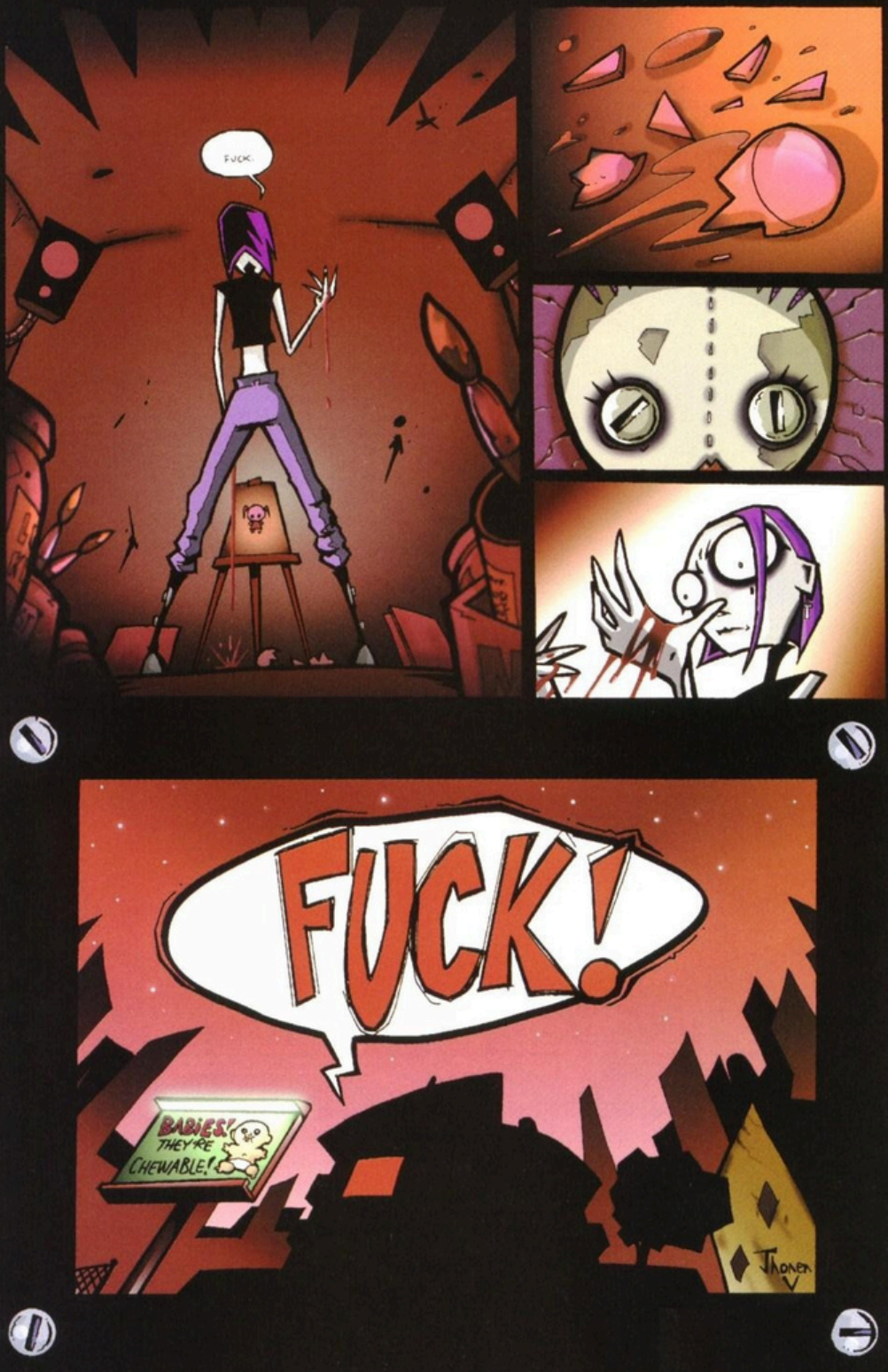
HA! HEH... YEAH. THAT'S MY LITTLE ...ZOMBIE JOKE.
WHAT THE HELL AM I DOING?! IF I'M NOT CAREFUL, I'LL BE THE REASON THINGS START GOING BAD. I'M GETTING PARANOID, LETTING MY BAD EXPECTATIONS GOVERN MY BEHAVIOR. I KEEP PLAYING BACK MY PAST... SUPERIMPOSING IT OVER THE PRESENT. IT'S LIKE LOOKING THROUGH A SHIT FILTER.
KEEP THE SCREWS IN, DEVI. RELAX.
TRY TO RELAX.
HEY, DID I TELL YOU WHAT HAPPENED WHEN I WENT THROUGH RACCOON CITY?
IT WAS ABOUT A WEEK AGO, AND...
AH... DO YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'D LIKE TO ORDER?
MENU
FRESH BRAINS.
I MEAN CHICKEN! GIMME SOMETHIN' CHICKENY! YEAH... HEH.
YOU SAID "BRAINS"! I HEARD IT!
YOU'RE AFTER ME BRAINS!
NO! I SAID "PAINS!" I'M "PAINING" FOR CHICKEN. GODDAMN, I LOVE CHICKEN!
MENU
HMMM... CHICKEN IS GOOD.
EH... WHICH CHICKEN DISH DO YOU WANT?
MENU
WE HAVE MANY AMAZING CHICKEN DISHES. HERE I WILL SHOW YOU.
MENU

THERE IS THE CACHOO CHICKEN... I'M SORRY, I MEAN "CASHEW"
MENU
PLEASE EXCUSE MY BRAINS.
MEEEYOOOOH
..SWEET AND SOUR...
KA5QUOONCH!
MENU
SPOOT!
MM GNAW MM GNAW CHEW MMTHAT FRESH CHEW
OOOOLL... I NOT COME TO THIS COUNTRY FOR THIS.
SNAP!
OKAY, I'M GOING HOME NOW.
AWW, BABY. DON'T BE LIKE THIS.
OKAY, STOP.
UM...


ZOMBIES?
DEVI, YOU'VE BEEN PLAYING TOO MANY VIDEO GAMES. THE OTHER STORIES, MAYBE, BUT I THINK ZOMBIES IS GETTING TOO WEIRD.
TENNA, BY NOW I WOULDN'T FIND IT WEIRD EVEN IF YOU PULLED OFF A WIG AND REVEALED YOU HAD AN ASSHOLE AT THE TOP OF YOUR HEAD.
AND I DEFINITELY WOULDN'T BE SURPRISED TO KNOW YOU STILL THOUGHT I WAS OVER REACTING.
NOOO... I DON'T THINK THAT.
OKAY, SO I DO! BUT ONLY BECAUSE I'M WORRIED. DEVI, WHY WOULD THE SPOOKY PAINTING WANT YOU TO GO INSANE.
I DON'T KNOW WHY. IT'S THE HOW I'M STARTING TO FIGURE OUT.
IT'S DISTRACTING ME.
I'VE ALWAYS BEEN PRETTY PRONE TO HAVING THINGS GO BAD ON ME, BUT LATELY IT'S GOTTEN... ...FUCKIN' RIDICULOUS.
AND IT STARTED GETTING THAT BAD AROUND THE TIME I TOOK ON THAT AWFUL NERVE JOB.
"YAY! FUN!" I SAID AT THE THOUGHT OF DOING SCI-FI ILLUSTRATIONS. ALIENS, SPACE, GIANT ROBOTS. IT SHOULD BE FUN.
BUT IT'S HELL. I'VE NEVER BEEN MORE MISERABLE.

SUBMIT "FINISHED" PIECE, HAVE IT REVISED, HAVE IT REVISED, HAVE IT REVISED, GO BACK DO IT AGAIN, AND GO THROUGH MORE REVISIONS, SUGGESTIONS ALTERATIONS.
ALMOST AT RANDOM CHANGES HAVE TO BE MADE AND IT JUST DRAGS ON AND ON LIKE THERE'S NO END IN SIGHT.
IT'S AS IF THE POINT ISN'T ABOUT GETTING THE ARTWORK BUT PERFECTING A HIGH FRUSTRATION REVISION PROCESS. SO I FIGURE, IT WILL BE NICE WHEN IT'S ALL DONE, BUT IT DOESN'T END! THIS THING JUST KEEPS GOING.
I CAN'T FINISH THIS AND GET BACK TO MY OWN WORK, THE THING I LOVE - THAT KEEPS ME FROM GOING COMPLETELY OVEREDGE.
AND PEOPLE KEEP CALLING ME, OR STOPPING IN, OR FUCKING WITH ME. THINGS GOING IMPOSSIBLY BAD. ALL THESE THINGS JUST PILING IN ON ME, ALL OF THEM HAVING THE SAME FUNCTION. THEY DISTRACT ME FROM FINISHING THIS FUCKING SHIT AND GETTING BACK TO WHAT I WANT TO DO.
STIFLING ME
SO YOU'D THINK, WITH ALL MY IDEAS BACKING UP LIKE TRAFFIC, I'D HAVE THIS ENORMOUS STOCKPILE OF THINGS TO CALL UPON WHEN IT CAME TIME FOR ME TO DO SOMETHING FOR ME AGAIN.
BUT I'VE TRIED
AND THERE'S NOTHING THERE. I STRUGGLE FOR IT, BUT IT'S NOT THERE. SO THAT'S WHAT IT WANTS ME FOR I THINK.
AND YOU'RE A PART OF IT.
ME?
YOU'VE NEVER BEEN THIS HARD TO CONVINCE BEFORE, TENNA. YOU'VE DRIVEN ME INSANE BEFORE BUT NEVER THIS FAR. AND HERE I AM, TALKING TO YOU, AND NOT WORKING.
YOU HAVE TO LEAVE NOW, TENNA.
OKAY. I'LL CALL YOU TOMORROW TO SEE IF YOU STILL FEEL THAT WAY.
SLAM!

WHAT IS IT, SICKNESS?! YOU WANT MY IDEAS, OR MY FRUSTRATION? YOU LIKE HEARING ME YELL? WHAT IS IT?
WHY WON'T YOU LET ME WORK? AND WHY CAN'T I WORK EVEN WHEN I HAVE THE TIME?
YOU'RE NOT FINISHED YOURSELF, YOU KNOW? DON'T YOU AT LEAST NEED ME TO FINISH PAINTING YOU?
REALLY NOW, IT'S UNLIKE YOU TO TAKE THINGS SO LITERALLY. I AM NOT TO BE DEFINED ON THE BASIS OF WHAT I CHOSE TO PRESENT MYSELF AS. YOU'RE STARING AT SIMPLE PAINT ON CANVAS.
YOU... YOU'RE SPEAKING MORE.
IN A MANNER OF SPEAKING. REALLY, STILL YOU ARE JUST TALKING TO YOURSELF. IT'S TOO EARLY FOR US TO HAVE OUR OWN TRUE VOICE.
US?
SO I'M NOTHING MORE THAN A FOCAL POINT AT THE MOMENT.
AND I'LL FINISH MYSELF
US, WE, I, THEY. IT'S NOT IMPORTANT.
WHAT INTERESTS ME IS HOW YOU DETECTED US SO SOON. WE ARE RARELY EVER ACKNOWLEDGED UNTIL IT'S TOO LATE.
SO I CAN STOP IT! I CAN STOP YOU CAN'T I? IF I WORK?
IT'S UNLIKELY, BUT EVEN SO, IT WOULD BE SO MUCH NICER IF YOU DIDN'T TRY. YOU'LL FIND IT EASIER ON YOURSELF TO LET IT HAPPEN WITH NO RESISTANCE. WE ARE, AFTER ALL, SKILLED PROFESSIONALS WHO'VE BEEN DOING OUR JOB FOR QUITE SOME TIME NOW. AND WHEN IT IS ALL OVER, YOU CAN STILL LEAD A FINE LIFE AS, SAY, A RAVING VAGRANT, OR POSSIBLY A CRACKWHORE.
THAT CRACKWHORE LURE MIGHT'VE WORKED IF I WERE TEN, BUT NOT NOW. I DON'T THINK YOU UNDERSTAND WHO YOU'RE PLAYING WITH NOW. MAYBE YOU HAVE DONE THIS TO OTHER PEOPLE, AND THEY BECAME CRACKWHORES, OR EVEN ICE CREAM MEN, BUT YOU WON'T GET TO ME! I'LL WORK UNTIL YOU DRY UP AND LEAVE ME ALONE. I'LL BEAT YOU!
I'LL BEAT YOU! I'LL BEAT.....!
YOU!
AWW, SHIT! YOU MADE ME WASTE THE RED I MIXED EARLIER. IT TOOK ME FOREVER TO GET THAT.
BELEIVE ME, I WOULD APOLOGIZE, BUT...
THAT JAR WAS EMPTY.


FUCK.
FUCK!
BABIES! THEY'RE CHEWABLE!
JTRONER

ITS NOT OVER 'TIL FILLER BUNNY SPEAKS
PLEASE KILL ME.
HI!
YES, YOU KNOW I AM FILLERBUNNY, THE BUNNY GENETICALLY GROWN IN A HORRIBLE LAB FOR THE WONDERFUL PURPOSE OF BRINGING LIGHT INTO YOUR LIVES! YAY! WHEEHOO!! I HOPE YOU ENJOYED THIS FINE COMIC MASTERPIECE. IF YOU DID NOT ENJOY IT, THEY WILL STICK THE TUBES IN MY HEAD TO FIND OUT WHY I FAILED. WHOO!
YOU ARE THINKING MY PRESENCE HERE SHOWS THAT THE CREATOR OF THIS BOOK NEEDED SPACE TO FILL. I KNOW YOUR MIND.
THE SAD ANSWER IS...
ZZT!! JAB ZZT!!
AAAAIEE!
OOOH... OW. HEE HEE... UM, I AM ENJOYING THIS SOME GOOD.
AHEM... PERHAPS YOU HAVE NOTICED THE SLICK PRODUCTION VALUES IN MY PAGE THIS TIME? NO EXPENSE HAS BEEN SPARED FOR YOU! WOULD YOU LIKE SOME TOSTITOS?
YOU LIKE THE SPACESHIPS, NO?
FULL COLOR ADVENTURES BEGIN NOW!
CAN YOU HANDLE MY PLEASURE?!
UNDERWATER CRAZINESS!
DOING A SPACE JIG!
WEARING A BUNNY SUIT!
I WANT TO DIE!
ROLLER COASTER LAUGHS!
WHY?
COSMETICS TESTING FUN!
RIDING A...
HUH? OH... I WAS TIRED, AND THOUGHT I WOULD TAKE A BREAK. NO. NO, I DON'T FEEL LIKE... NO, I... I...
BUT... PLEASE, I DON'T WANNA RIDE THE PIGGY.
ZIP! ZIT!
WHEEEHEEEE!
AIM FOR MY HEAD
END.

BLAME THESE WRETCHES FOR THIS "BOOK"

JHONEN V.

Having finally acheived his dream od total body prosthesis, with simulated skin made of latex (ribbed for your pleasure), Jhonen has been working in animation, which would explain his mysterious absence from the world of comics. During recent testing, Jhonen was quoted as saying " Working with so many people in the animation field made me cry often, and finally doing this book was a beautiful thing for me." He then let out a bloodcurdling scream and exploded. Before the explosion he also commented on working with a colorist RIKKI SIMONS. " It was like teaming up with a beligerent moose to fight crime. I would be doing battle and giving orders to moose boy, but the moose would just snort and take a poop, beligerently." Jhonen is currently doing more stuff, despite having exploded, and hopes to eventually live long enough to maybe try that thing.

ROSEARIK RIKKI SIMONS

Rosearik Rikki Simons burst forth onto the scene like a Ramen noodle from a spitting babies face. But WHAT scene though? I don't know. I really don't. But aside from writing and coloring his own Reality Check comics and Sushi Girl, His current project is entitled Tarot Poetica. He also likes curry. When asked about his working relationship with the now cyborg Jhonen Vasquez, he replied, " .....", and imploded rectally. "Have you ever had that nightmare where you're coloring a book with Jhonen, and he's just driving you so insane you want to choke the life out of him? It was just like that. " During the course of his work on " I FEEL SICK" #1, his feet swelled up to grotesque proportions for no apparent reason at all. It was really quite unsettling. The feet had begun to develop their own internal organs at the time the book was finished.

SATAN

Yes, Satan, who was there all along, urging us on, making us sandwiches. Satan receives a hefty royalty for each media product that gets blamed for some murderous asshole's actions. He's still hoping for a new Johnny series.

KNOW THIS MY FILTHY CHILDREN

Issue two should come along soon enough to finish things off for this book. The original idea for this being a one shot just didn't work out. I got's too much noize in me head. I call them my Lucky Charms of Doom. Pleasant something, people.